

Masochist by prettyboiiharringrove

Series: [Daddy!Steve && Officer!Hargrove \[3\]](#)

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: M/M

Language: English

Characters: Billy Hargrove, Steve Harrington

Relationships: Steve Harrington/Billy Hargrove

Status: Completed

Published: 2018-08-21

Updated: 2018-08-21

Packaged: 2022-04-23 02:28:12

Rating: Mature

Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,356

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Billy loves pain, so long as he's calling the shots, and Steve loves whatever makes Billy moan out his name like a goddamn prayer.

Masochist

Billy's a bit of a masochist. He isn't the type to sit down and take a razor blade to his skin. He used to do that when he was a kid, punishing himself because he thought he had to, but he doesn't do that anymore. Billy realizes that life punishes him enough, he doesn't need to do it himself. Still, he likes the pain, knows deep down that most of it is probably just the endorphins, but part of it has to be that he's just sick in the fucking head.

When he starts fights he'll let them get a few shots just so he can feel his nerves buzz before he'll switch on and fight back. He carries the bruises with him like trophies because you know what the difference is?? Those bruises are his fucking choice, he *lets* them hit him, he has full control and after those few rough hits he walks away with the other guy on the fucking floor.

He's in charge of who and what hurts him, and goddamn is that powerful.

Sometimes Steve will bring Billy roses, because he's a romantic sap and there's something poetic about flowers sharp and red as blood, beautiful but dangerous, just like Billy. Every time Steve brings him roses, he squeezes them in his hand until he bleeds, blood coloring the water a nice shade of pink when he puts them in the vase.

Destruction is his specialty skill, he's good at tearing things down, but Billy's main target has always been himself. If Billy is going to be beaten and broken, ripped apart for all his best parts and then left to rot somewhere, it's going to be him that oversees it.

Steve doesn't know why, but he likes it. Billy's destructive nature ignites something in him. Now, don't get me wrong, if Billy was trying to kill himself, Steve would immediately put a stop to it, but that isn't what this is. It's Billy desperately clinging to life. This is Billy, a man who knows he shouldn't have made it to eighteen, knows he was meant to die by the hands of his father. Billy must cause himself pain, must feel his existence in every part of him to know that he is real.

Truthfully, Steve gets off on it himself. Steve is known for being power hungry and blood thirsty, he likes being in control of any and everything. He and Billy used to have a constant fight for power, desperate to be in charge, but someone's got to give and well Billy, Billy needs someone to take that control from him, needs to be shown that he can trust his life in someone else's hands, can trust Steve.

Steve gets off on Billy giving him the power that he's fought so hard to take for himself, gets off on being the one person allowed to carve Billy up and claim him and Billy gets off on being the one to let Steve hurt him, to pull the strings, to be the one person in the fucking world that can tell the infamous Harrington to stop hurting him and have him actually listen.

Their shared control is something magical, fierce, and unbreakable. It doesn't help that Billy craves pain and Steve is always hungry for blood. They take toxic to a whole new level and thrive on it; it's poetic, but it's also fifty shades of fucked up, and that makes things even better.

Things are easy when they should be scary. Billy will beg Steve to mark him up, to leave hickeys and finger shaped bruises from his neck to his ankles, to rip him open with his teeth on his shoulder, collarbone, hip, goddamn ass cheek, and Steve will oblige and clean him up after. Every time Billy tells Steve to choke him he does it, just shy of the boy passing out. He knows Billy will never be the one to tell him to stop, likes seeing the specks of black, likes the painful rush of air filling his lungs, reminding him that he's been blessed with the ability to breathe.

Steve is careful. He hurts Billy, but not enough to put him in the hospital. He has played that game enough, tortured men, seen the life drain out of them; he knows how to kill a man, but he also knows how to keep one alive.

He won't hit Billy, that was their hard line, he wouldn't hurt Billy unless he asked. He may be a monster, but he refuses to be another nightmare that haunts Billy. Billy is his treasure, and he will help Billy find the high that comes with living on borrowed time, even if it's just to prevent him from finding his kicks somewhere else, from finding someone who doesn't know when to stop, or how for that

matter.

The taste of Billy on your tongue, cum, sweat, blood, it's addictive. He wouldn't blame someone else for not being able to stop, but he doesn't have to worry about that because no one else will ever get the chance.

See, Steve has no intention of ever killing his lover, but he has no problem killing anyone who tries to touch what's his. He won't even blink when it comes to spilling their blood, even if it doesn't taste nearly as heavenly as what pulses through the veins of his darling Billy Hargrove.

"We should clean you up," Steve sighs, not wanting to move from the bed.

"Just give me a fucking minute."

"I'm serious, shit's gonna get infected," and alright, Steve knows that maybe he's being a little too overprotective, but he hasn't seen Billy in two fucking weeks because he was out of town on 'business' and it doesn't matter how much he trusts Billy to take care of himself, he doesn't stop worrying until Billy is back by his side, and then he coddles him like a fucking child.

"Th'fuck are you, my mother?" Billy rolls his eyes, turning to Steve, smirking when he sees Steve grimace as his blood drips down onto the sheets. "Don't know why you're freaking out, you did it."

"Because you told me to," it's Steve's turn to roll his eyes then, but the smell of sex in the air and Billy's warmth pressing up against his side makes it pretty damn hard to stay upset; it's also pretty hard to stay mad at Billy when he's just let you bite his shoulder open and cum inside of him.

"Told you to, my ass. I asked all nice and shit, said please like a real good boy this time," Billy glares at Steve but he sounds smug, like he's impressed with himself for learning manners like any decent fucking human being should.

"Yeah, yeah, I'm so fucking proud of you," Steve scoffs sarcastically

before his tone turns serious again. “Seriously, let me clean that shit up.”

“I said give me a fucking minute, I just want to bleed out for a little bit longer.”

“God you are so fucked up,” and that shouldn’t be a compliment, it really shouldn’t, but Steve uses it as one and Billy will take it as one even if it weren’t Steve’s intension.

“Yeah, but you like it don’t you baby??” Billy muses, biting down on his lip, a Cheshire grin dominating his features.

“Jesus fucking Christ, you never shut up do you??”

“Come on *daddy*, tell me how much you like it.” He purrs, moving to sit by Steve, trying to hide his wince when he moves, his entire body sore. It should worry them how much Billy’s pain lights them both up, making their now soft dicks twitch in lingering excitement.

“I need a fucking cigarette.”

That’s all the answer Billy needs as Steve stands, no doubt to go get some soapy water and wash cloths, using the cigarette as an excuse. Sure, he’ll smoke while he’s up, why the fuck not, but there’s no reason to leave their bedroom when the cigarettes and lighter are on the bedside table unless you’ve got something else to do.